

Daily Appeal.

THE IRON VAULT.

THE STORY OF A SAN FRANCISCO VAULT.

I am a locksmith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain fascination, rendering it attractive to many persons of both sexes. Many who follow it, see nothing in it but labor—think of nothing but its return to the world; but those who have been in it longer than the master it produces. I am called upon, to open locks, to break doors and pierce long-neglected apartments. I have seen the traces of locks, and great spaces of time, and numbers of ladies with more beauty than diamonds, pick the locks of doors containing possessions of value. I have seen the expression of wonder and affection may not reach the eye of a husband, or father, in possession of the miniature portrait of his wife, or child, or house, and depositories of records, telling of the past, and the present, and the corporation plumed, of orphaned sons, of widowed mothers, of families ruined. Is there no charm in the story? No! but there is in the look of the face, the range of pleasant fancy, that this face is not a picture, but a活人 (living person). And his eyes are there to-day? The wife is still a resident of San Francisco.

List of Letters.

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RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

SPECIAL DAY OF FEBRUARY 1861. PERIODICAL

OF THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

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